



Ad Scribam

To Jonathan Hoag, Esq., Aetat LXXXIX.
February 10, 1920

A health to thee, upon whose silver'd head
The mingled glow of Time and Art is shed;
Whose growing years, now full four score and nine,
In one vast beam of waxing glory shine.
Blessed is he, whose ev'ry hour can show
Some virtuous effort or aeonian glow.
To such each added day fresh fame imparts,
Whilst mounting age endears him to our hearts:
Scriba, for thee a life of deeds well done
A lasting coronet of love hath won!
But tho' in gratitude we pause to scan
The welcome favour of thy lengthen'd span,
Counting alone reveals Time's number'd truth,
Since all thy works proclaim eternal youth!
In thy warm heart, with kindly genius sweet,
Life's golden morn and ripen'd evening meet;
No cynic hardness here hath found a place,
Where bloom perennial ardor, hope and grace.
In thee the fragrance of forgotten Mays
Revives to bless our colder, drearier days;
Thy busy quill a story'd past recalls,
And with rare magic teaches and enthralls;
Legend and tale of regions far and near
On thy bright page in pleasing pomp appear,
While Nature, by thy hand sublimely drawn,
Yields copious lore of ages here and gone.
Happy the man who thus forever dwells
Close to the secrets that the brooklet tells;
Whose eager ear culls learning from the rose,
And gleans the truth Dionondawa knows;
Hears ev'ry message that the mountain breeze

Brings the high crags or whispers to the trees;
And through whose art, supreme and unimpair'd,

These living wonders with the world are shar'd!
Can hoary Time, whose stern, unyielding rod
Impartial rules the mortal and the god,
Whose deathless might Sardathrion's towers o'erthrew,
And Babylonia's matchless splendour slew,
Tell by what art our poet tunes his lays
With nobler beauty thro' increasing days?
Can we not fancy that the stainless heart
Throbs with the rhythm of Nature's ev'ry part;
Each light-flown year in closer bonds ally'd,
Till the blest spirit joins the cosmic tide?
Thus the sweet song superior timbre gains,
And with long years achieves sublimer strains;
Blends with the chant of worlds beyond our sight,
And rides the aether in perpetual light:
The singer, one with harmonies of heav'n,
Not age, but youth, by grateful Time, is given!
So, Scriba, may unnumber'd honours crown
Thy golden years, and swell thy glad renown;
May a kind world spontaneous homage pay,
And ev'ry hearer praise thy potent lay.
Eighty and nine the years that lightly rest
Upon thy brow, by smiling Muses blest;
Yet may we hope that all thy joys before
Are less than what the future holds in store!

H. P. Lovecraft.

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